




276 Church Street, Montrose, PA 18801  
Office 570-278-2954, Mon., Wed. & Thu. 8:10am to 2:30pm  
Click on link to email St. Paul's: [stpaulsmontrose@epix.net](mailto:stpaulsmontrose@epix.net)  
Click on link to go to our Website: <http://stpaulschurchmontrose.org>  
Click on link to go to our Facebook Page:  
<https://www.facebook.com/stpaulsmontrose>

Mission Statement for St. Paul's: To proclaim God's love by word and example and to seek Christ in one another.

### Mar. 13 – Mar 19, 2022

In person worship or you can watch live streamed on YouTube. Go to St. Paul's website <http://stpaulschurchmontrose.org> and click this red button  on the front page, which takes you to our YouTube page.

During Lent, starting on Wednesday, March 9, we will have Bible study beginning with a simple soup supper at 5:00. This will be weekly through April 6. Thursday Bible study will be suspended until after Easter.

Just as a reminder March 13<sup>th</sup> is start of Daylight Savings Time! Don't forget to turn your clocks one hour ahead! We don't want anyone to miss church!

#### **This Week's Lay Ministers:**

Altar Guild: Karen Blye-McAbee, Carol Lasher  
Officiant: Rev. Elizabeth Grohowski  
Announcements: Lynne Graham  
Camera & Broadcast: Andrew Wurth  
Lector: Tom Undercoffler

#### **Readings for this Week**

First Reading: Genesis 15:1-12,17-18  
Psalm: 27  
Epistle: Philippians 3:17-4:1  
Gospel: Luke 13:31-35



### View from the Pew

Here is a story that I think will touch you in some manner. We all have had times like this in our lives I feel. We think how are we going to get through this, and we pray for help but feel that God is not listening because we are not getting the answer we expect or think we should. But as I have found out in my life, the answer He gives us is not what we expected but we should believe His answer is the right answer. God Is good and his love is never-ending.

- Sandy Seeger

Cheyenne, "Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?" Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts.... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him? Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon .. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in

pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man. Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust. Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind. But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the

mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article..." I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons: too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly. As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly. Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house. Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw... Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne . Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet. Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable

throughout the next three years. Dad 's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends.

Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne 's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night. Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it. I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article... Cheyenne 's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter... his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father... and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live while you are alive. Forgive now

those who made you cry. You might not get a second chance. Lost time can never be found. God answers our prayers in His time... not ours. God doesn't give us what we can handle, He helps us handle (stands with us, and gets us through) what we are given. In other words, God's grace keeps pace with what we face!!

- Posted by J & M Farms
- January 2, 2021

### **What Do Easter Treats Have to Do with Lent?**

During this season we are called to a holy Lent, by self-examination and repentance; by prayer, fasting, and self-denial; and by reading and meditating on God's holy Word. Each of us observes Lent as he/she makes room in our hearts for Jesus. Sometimes this means giving up a bad habit or an activity that consumes too much of our time (like watching FaceBook as the minute hand winds its way around the clock.) Sometimes it means adding something meaningful to our daily routine--reading Scripture or using a Lenten devotional (copies are in the rear of the church.) This is also a time to be especially mindful of the less fortunate and the needs of others.

As a faith community, we try to offer ideas that help us focus on Lenten practices. Along with Bible Study and Christ Church's and St. Mark's gift of devotional booklets, we, again this year, will be providing Easter treats to the recipients of Meals on Wheels in Susquehanna County. Last year, we made up treat bags with a small box of chocolates from Leopold's, dyed Easter eggs, and jelly beans. The bags were stuffed with Easter grass, filled with the goodies, and tied with pastel ribbons. We included a small note card that said, "God loves you and so do we."

I think it would be more meaningful if we could each donate something towards the cost of the

project. I plan to contribute the money that I will not spend on ice cream during Lent. How might you donate? We will need to complete the project for delivery by April 6. I think it would be fun to have an egg dying party. We will need about 14 dozen eggs. If we each brought a dozen hard boiled eggs to the party, we should have enough to fill the treat bags. If you haven't dyed Easter eggs since you were a child, now is your chance to stain your fingers once again!!

Perhaps you have a special Lenten practice that you would be willing to share. John W. is always looking for short articles for the weekly View from the Pew. Tell us about how you make Lent meaningful. Your ideas may inspire someone else.

Lynne



**Reminder with winter** comes winter weather! This is just the annual reminder to say: if there is ice or snow and there is a question about church being canceled, listen to WPEL at 96.5 FM.

**Birthdays for March:** Elizabeth Smith 3/15, Edgar Warriner 3/20, Elaine Petrzala 3/22, Robert Kuhn 3/24, Tom Undercoffler 3/30.

**First Wednesday of the Month on April 6th:** Free Soup Dinner at St. Paul's Episcopal Church from 3:30-5:00 p.m. **Please note** that the Free Dinners are take-out only

**For those who are ill or have requested our prayers:** Margaret Burgh, Naomi Bennett, Rita Leigh, Charlotte Eckert, Nancy Finlon, Johanna

Masters, Jeannine Ball, Sandy Nagy, Ray Arcario, Addie Evans, Carol Marker, Ellen Ely & Rebecca Bechtel.

### **Pastoral Emergency or Non-Emergency**

**Contact:** you can call the parish office during office hours. After hours call Deacon Liz 212-222-8109.

**Our thanksgivings:** We give thanks for those who celebrate their birthdays this week. *O God, our times are in your hand: look with favor, we pray, on your servants as they begin another year. Grant that they may grow in wisdom and grace, and strengthen their trust in your goodness all the days of their lives.*  
*Amen.*

We give thanks for those celebrating wedding anniversaries this week. *Grant o God, in your compassion, that those celebrating wedding*

*anniversaries this week may live out the covenant they have made. May they grow in forgiveness, loyalty and love, and come at last to the eternal joys, which you have promised through Jesus Christ our Lord; and may the blessing of God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be with them this day and forever.*

*Amen.*



**Donations** You can scan the QR Code. Or go to St. Paul's Website and click the Donate Button for online giving. You can mail your tithes & pledges to the church office at 276 Church St., Montrose, PA 18801

### **9 Photos this week**

### **First Sunday of Lent, March 6th**

*Now let us all with one accord,  
in company with ages past,  
keep vigil with our heavenly Lord  
in his temptation and his fast.  
Your love, O Christ, our sinful race  
has not returned, but falsified;  
author of mercy, turn your face  
and grant repentance for our pride.*

### **THE GOSPEL- It is written**

After his baptism, Jesus, full of the Holy Spirit, returned from the Jordan and was led by the Spirit in the wilderness, where for forty days he was tempted by the devil. He ate nothing at all during those days, and when they were over, he was famished. The devil said to him, "If you are the Son of God, command this stone to become a loaf of bread." Jesus answered him, "It is written,

'One does not live by bread alone.'"

Then the devil led him up and showed him in an instant all the kingdoms of the world. And the devil said to him, "To you I will give their glory and all this authority; for it has been given over to me, and I give it to anyone I please. If you, then, will worship me, it will all be yours." Jesus answered him, "It is written,

"Worship the Lord your God, and serve only him."

Then the devil took him to Jerusalem, and placed him on the pinnacle of the temple, saying to him, "If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down from here, for it is written,

'He will command his angels concerning you, to protect you,'

and

'On their hands they will bear you up, so that you will not dash your foot against a stone.'

Jesus answered him, "It is said, 'Do not put the Lord your God to the test.'" When the devil had finished every test, he departed from him until an opportune time. *(Luke 4:1-13)*

**The glory of these forty days  
we celebrate with songs of praise,  
for Christ, by whom all things were made,  
himself has fasted and has prayed.**

### **Mother Liz, View from the Pulpit**

I was having lunch with my aunt today and we had a conversation about the season of Lent. I was wondering what to write about this week and she suggested writing about Easter. I said, well it's far too early to write about that, we just began Lent. It brought to mind the practice of stores putting products in their stores, months ahead of time. Easter items are always in stores the day after Valentine's Day. It happens throughout the year. The worst is Christmas being put on display November 1<sup>st</sup> as well as lights being put up that same weekend.

We tend to live either in the future or the past. The present moment is often ignored. We're either fretting over past mistakes or worried about what will happen in the future. How can we possibly be fully in the present when we are preoccupied with things we have no control over? It's true, the past is over, done, finished and the future is always out of our grasp. The present is the only thing within our control.

How we show up and live right here and now is our mission. This doesn't mean that we don't plan for the future, or remember the past, learning from our mistakes. It simply means that our agency is in the present. Living fully into our humanity, warts and all, takes place where we find ourselves here and now.

We are now in the second week in Lent. Perhaps we have given up something for Lent in order to connect with Jesus' 40 day fast in the wilderness. That's where I pick up the conversation with my aunt again. She asked me what I had given up for Lent. My response was perhaps a little flippant. I said, I have already given up sugar and flour, one day at a time, forever. I don't know that I can give anything else up.

Of course, that has gotten me thinking. Should I have given up something else? Could I give up coffee or diet coke? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I pray that God understands and forgives my weakness. Thankfully, I believe that God's grace is abundant and that He understands me, probably better than I understand myself.



Maybe next year I will be stronger and I will have the fortitude to abstain from some caffeinated beverage or other. For now, I will do my best to live into the present I find myself in, and accept that for now, all is well even if I am overly attached to my caffeine. Have you given something up for Lent? If so, I pray that you have a blessed and peaceful fast. And if you find that you cannot resist temptation, know that we have a forgiving God who loves you more than you could ever imagine.

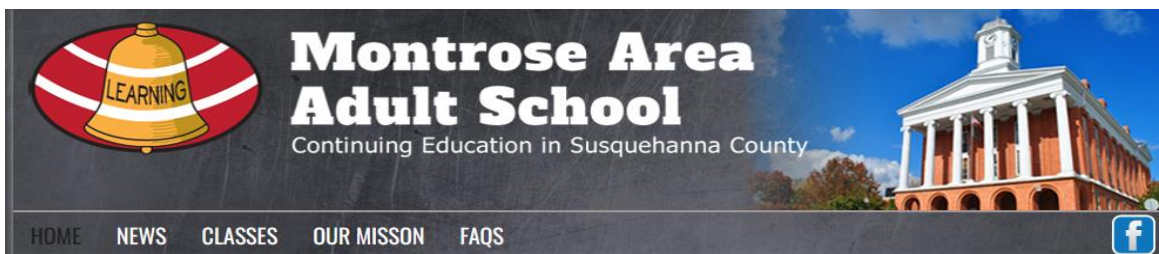
### **March 6<sup>th</sup> Service – First Sunday of Lent.**

The March 6th live-streamed 10:00 Holy Eucharist Service was led by Mother Liz. The altar hangings changed from green to purple for Lent. Liz also gave the announcements and Tom Undercoffler was the lector. (Welcome back Tom.) Cathy Hammons played the organ which included the Prelude and Postlude, along with four hymns. As you know, our live-streamed services can be watched live or any time on YouTube. Just go to our webpage and hit the red button.



### **Montrose Area Adult School**

St. Paul's is hosting five Montrose Area Adult School classes this spring and you might be interested in taking one of them. Arts and Crafts classes include: Acrylic Painting, Quilling Fun, and Discover the World of Zentangle. Two history classes also look interesting: The Little Books with a Big Job, and The CCC and WPA. For dates and times, go to the Adult School Website at [www.montroseadultschool.org](http://www.montroseadultschool.org).



## St Paul's at Night

St Paul's looks pretty spiffy at night. Our Rose window is lit up as well as our sidewalks and parish hall window cross. At night it takes on a special look. Slow down and take a peek the next time you pass at night.



## EARLY MARCH IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY

*"By March, the worst of the winter would be over. The snow would thaw, the rivers begin to run and the world would wake into itself again."* It's still winter. We had two warm days with rain to make it yucky, but winter is still with us, it snowed on Wednesday. We still had lots of snow this time last year also. On Wednesday, one flock of geese flying high passed over church headed north. The streams are high and the lake still has ice on it and the ash trees are dying at a disastrous rate.







## Remember When

Here's an old picture of some St. Paul's Sunday School children provided by David Robbins. This picture was taken in May of 1971 before the ramp was added to the cloister door. It shows how much fill they had to add there because it was six steps high. Dave's sister, Lois Robbins, is in the picture. We are always looking for old pictures of St. Paul's and the immediate area. Let Dan know if you have any that you can share.

